Volume LXX CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1913 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A HYMN OF PEACE

GOD of the nations, near and far
Ruler of all mankind,
Bless thou thy peoples as they strive
The paths of peace to find.

The clash of arms still shakes the sky,
King battles still with king;
Wild through the frightened air of night
The bloody tocsins ring.

But clearer far the friendly speech
Of scientists and seers,
The wise debate of statesmen, and
The shouts of pioneers.

And stronger far the clasped hands
Of labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
Their common creeds and songs.

From shore to shore the peoples call
In loud and sweet acclaim;
The gloom of land and sea is lit
With Pentacostal flame.

O Father, from the curse of war
We pray thee give release;
And speed, O speed thy blessed day
Of justice, love and peace.

John Haynes Holmes.

CONTENTS

The Psalm of The Wireless—*Youths' Companion*...355

EDITORIAL—

Notes 355

A Righteous Cause Menaced by Unrighteous Methods 357

A Plea for Poetry—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES....358

The Judgment of Mothers—*Clara Griffith Gazzam*.358

THE PULPIT—

Moral Evolution—From Hate to Love—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 359

The Church and the Superman—PERCY M. DAWSON 363

What Shall We Say?—V—DAVID STARR JORDAN..364

Robert Browning—*Margaret Widdeman* 364

THE FIELD—

Parcel-Post Inequalities 365

Two Litanies—*George L. Knapp* 365

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

FONGERS

Sanitary Bakeries

572 East Thirty-fifth St.
3852 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone Douglas 5962

PRINTING

We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :

Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

IDEAL CREAM

For Chapped and Rough Skin

PREPARED BY

William F. Datz, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Sample Copies of

UNITY

sent anywhere upon application

THE NEW YEAR

Should mark for you the beginning of a greater prosperity. A Savings Account in this bank is the first step.

We allow interest from January 1st on all Savings deposits made on or before January 15th.

DREXEL STATE BANK
OF
CHICAGO

DREXEL BANK BUILDING
OAKWOOD BOULEVARD & COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE

AN OLD ESTABLISHED BANK FOR SOUTHSIDERS.

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary

THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders

Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Telephone Kenwood 3713

Colvin L. Johnson

Automobile Supplies and Repairs

4137 Cottage Grove Ave. CHICAGO

"Better be safe than sorry"
AND ORDER

High-Class Limousine Cars

AT REASONABLE RATES
FOR ALL PURPOSES
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Phones Douglas 3268 Automatic 79-806

OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
826 EAST 39th STREET

Send for Calendar Rate Sheet

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC

Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR **Ice Cream**

Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290

FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1913. NUMBER 23.

THE PSALM OF THE WIRELESS.

I have builded a bridge for ye over the rancorous ocean,
And the piers of it rest where no eyes but God's own can perceive.
I have sent a swift messenger over that bridge on your service,
I have wrought ye a miracle dazzling and hard to receive.

And the gift I have given, the service my genii shall render,
How will ye use it? Shall all of Love's rescuing kindness
Run through your messages ever, its exquisite power
Healing the peoples of Hate and Hate's terrible blindness?

Oh, if ye must burn in your wrath, if the lust of the killing
Cannot quite die in ye, then let the rolling waves slowly
Carry your spite. But stain not the cast of the ether!
Keep it inviolate, use it in Love's service wholly

Thus, while the green tides below it are coiling and hissing
Over the skeleton crews reaching upward thin fingers,
While in the teeth of wild storms, near the jagged reefs ominous,
The laboring ship in her agony heavily lingers.

Love, near His heavens, shall leap with a generous impulse—
Crying, "A common Humanity bids us be one!"
And Hate making port with her sullen sails salt-stained and tattered
Shall find all the weight of her malice by Love's voice undone!

Youth's Companion. —*Clinton Dangerfield*

"Vice fought by the Golden Rule" is the attractive caption of an article on the work of Police Chief Kohler of Cleveland, found in the *Literary Digest* of February 1. Let every voter in the city read and ponder upon it.

Those who are contemplating a trip to Europe next summer will do well to write to Charles W. Wendte, general secretary of the International Meeting at Paris, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, for the announcement setting forth "Five Tours to Europe," in connection with the "World Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress" at Paris, July 16-22, 1913. These tours range in cost from $265 for a thirty-four days tour to $580 for a sixty-three days tour. In addition to the mountains and rivers, the art galleries and cathedrals, incident to European travel, there is here offered an opportunity to see, hear and meet noteworthy people on a notable occasion.

Father Vaughn, the widely known English priest, who has recently visited this country, spoke to those whom he called the "Los Angelinos"—the empire builders, the extraordinary men, who go out and buy the cow pastures and the Chinese vegetable gardens on the outskirts of the city, and convert them into fairy like additions to Los Angeles. Said he:

> When we look closer at these empire builders what do we see? Back of each of these men I see the figure of an unobtrusive woman, the devoted mother, who has reared him and made him what he is. It was the mother who instilled into her son the sterling principles of business honor and personal rectitude which make him the trusted representative of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of investors in his enterprises who bring him their savings to invest today.
>
> It was the mother who trained him and molded him. The son may be in the limelight, well to the front of the stage; he may be getting the applause and enjoying the dominion. But back in the quiet places I see the loving, faithful mother. And I want to say I am impressed with the responsibility of mothers. I should like to have women everywhere recognize the vastness of their privilege as mothers.

The United States Bureau of Education has published a bulletin on school observation of Peace Day, which shows that the United States, "splendidly isolated from all entanglements, without an enemy in the world, and bound by the ties of blood and friendship to all civilized nations, spends 73 per cent of her income in military and militant ways." It also shows that the four great military "P's," Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States, will spend in the next forty years, for the support of army and navy, an amount sufficient to build annually two million country and village houses at a cost of $2,500 each. With father and mother and an average family of four children in each house, this would house a hundred and twenty million people, which is more than the present total population living in villages and the open country in the four countries.

Anything and everything that is being done to shorten and sweeten the bond between employer and employees should be hailed with gladness by all those who are looking and working for a better social order. The Mandel Brothers' great department store, in Chicago, is doing constructive and initiative work in this direction. At a recent round-up of the year two hundred of their employees dined with the proprietors. Business was tabooed that good fellowship might the better obtain. There is a recreation hall provided by the management. A lunch room where the best food can be obtained at cost. There are rest rooms, reading room, instruction room, dance hall, free library, a hospital and gymnasium, provided, all under competent management. Also a commissary department where groceries are sold to employes at net wholesale prices, and convenient price lists are issued from time to time. Honor to whom honor is due! Let others go and do likewise!

Samuel Gompers, on behalf of the American Federation of Labor, stoutly denounced the theory of compulsory arbitration before the National Civic Federation in New York last week. But compulsory arbitration is just what we insist upon in the case of a quarrel between two individuals. Whether the dispute leads to a civil or criminal court, either party has a right to hail the other to the arbitrament of law; which, imperfect, and ofttimes erroneous, still is better than an appeal to brute force that undertakes to "fight it out" in the highway. The whole matter turns upon an adequate court, and that should be the quest of legislators. Obviously, labor disputes are beyond the pale of the regular judiciary on the bench, but some method must be devised by which a court of arbitration can be selected that will more nearly approximate justice than the present grim tests of starvation on the one side and bankruptcy on the other. Surely there is some better way than that which now obtains.

The bulletin issued by the Chicago Department of Health for January 25 has a most suggestive diagram showing graphically the death rate from scarlet fever in Chicago for the last forty years. The highest wave of mortality was in the winter of 1875 and 1876, which reached twenty deaths to every ten thousand population. This shows that every five or six years a wave of scarlet fever sweeps over Chicago, but improved methods of control and treatment have tended to hold the crest of each successive wave below that of its predecessor, so that the milk-born epidemic of 1907 carried off less than four per ten thousand of the population. The year 1912 showed a rising wave; 1913 may mark another crest, but if "the public immediately awakens to the present threatening situation and unites with the Department of Health in an effort to suppress it," the subsidence promised by past experience will be realized, and the worst will not be so bad as it has been. Surely the "Department of Health" of the city of Chicago has abundantly demonstrated its conservation of efficiency. What is good for the city must be good for the nation. Let the Department of Hygiene be promoted!

The City Club of Chicago, the most active in initiative and civic work of all the clubs in the city, is arranging for a housing exhibition, to be held in the club March 7. Mr. Alfred L. Baker, the president of the club, has offered $600 for the best layout of a resident district, a typical area on the outskirts of the city. The site is to consist of a quarter section of land located on a level prairie within eight miles of the business district. The announcement contains an interesting literature list compiled by George E. Hooker, the civic secretary. This is a most commendable undertaking. The building of new homes on ideal plans is a fascinating proposition, but alongside of this work the City Club should lead the way in a more difficult problem. That of how to get rid of the murderous "rookeries" and the barbarous "shacks" *inside* of the city limits. These now confine many thousand hardworking and well meaning people, who are imprisoned in them by virtue of alleged cheap rent or convenient location. These shacks are beyond renovation. Nothing but fire, and that directed by an enlightened Common Council under the right of eminent domain, can accomplish anything. The owner should be compensated for the intrinsic value of the junk, and no more. Chicago is so circumstanced that it can initiate such a drastic, but necessary movement, with a minimum of distress to either landlords or tenants.

In connection with the "Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals" and the "Free Religious Association of America," held at Rochester, New York, January 28-30, Mr. Wendte, the fertile secretary, has issued a twelve-page pamphlet giving brief biographies of the fifteen or sixteen celebrities who took part. When one remembers the lively condition of these participants, there is something amusing in these ante-mortem obituaries, but we are glad to profit by the information here found. The two notable foreigners at this convention were Professor Tagore of India, of whom we printed last week an interesting account from the pen of Mr. Sunderland, and Professor Rudolph Eucken, Ph. D., of the University of Jena, Germany. Our readers will be glad to read this interesting epitome of the latter's work and message, by Mr. Wendte:

To few of the great thinkers of our day has it been given to win such universal and grateful recognition for his philosophical interpretations of Nature and Life as this modest, amiable, and learned scholar, whose writings within his own lifetime have appeared in numerous editions, not only in his own tongue, but in the languages of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races of Europe and America and the vernaculars of Asiatic peoples. This widely extended influence may be ascribed in part to the *timeliness* of his message, which has been presented to minds in general reaction against prevailing materialistic conceptions of the universe, and repudiating equally outworn metaphysical hypotheses concerning the natural order and the soul of man; minds in search of an idealistic exposition of the nature of things which shall reconcile the disclosures of modern science with the higher ethical needs of the human spirit. But, above all, Professor Eucken's widespread vogue and influence as a philosophical and ethical teacher are due to his own intellectual gifts and qualities of character, his long years of faithful preparation for his life task, the fulness of his knowledge on philosophical topics, the astonishing vitality and poetic charm of his discourse, and his reverential spirit. In the reconstruction of systems of thought and rebirth of religion now going on among civilized nations Professor Eucken exercises an important influence, both as the herald and the guide of the idealistic movement of the time, and it is especially fitting that he should address our Congress on the theme he has selected, "The Necessity for Idealism."

Professor Eucken's outward career has been very simple. He was born in East Frisia, Germany, in 1846, studied at the universities of Goettingen and Berlin, in 1871 was called as professor to the University of Basle, Switzerland, and in

1874 accepted a similar invitation to the University of Jena, in Saxe-Weimar, where his principal life work has been done, and where his own characteristic philosophy, a "philosophy of Life," as he terms it, has been developed. His true personal history must be sought in his books, which are numerous and important. Many of them have been translated into English and other modern tongues. Among them are "The Fundamental Concepts of the Present Day" (1878), "The Unity of the Life of the Spirit" (1888), "The Problem of Human Life, as held by the Great Thinkers" (1905), "The Content of Religion" (1901), "The Meaning and Value of Religion," etc. In 1908 Professor Eucken was awarded the Nobel Prize for the production of the worthiest literary work of the year. He is at present visiting America as an Exchange Professor between the universities of Berlin and Harvard. His participation in our Congress is a happy feature in its program.

A Righteous Cause Menaced by Unrighteous Methods

UNITY, in connection with a multitude of those who have believed in the righteousness of the movement that seeks to enfranchise women, has held in abeyance its judgment concerning the unseemly, unethical and unlawful methods of procedure upon the part of the militant women of Great Britain. Even when our judgment condemned we have refrained from public condemnation of the same because we remembered the exaggerations of the newspapers, the indiscretions incident to intense convictions, the provocations that arise from the stolid, not to say stupid, opposition of unreasoning conservatives.

But the time has come for UNITY, at least, to declare its dissent from the unseemly lawlessness of the English sisters who are clamoring for their rightful place among lawmakers. After all allowances are made for provoking circumstances, and after a large discount for newspaper exaggeration, the pitiable fact remains that English women have been found destroying property, obstructing the normal procedure of business, and disturbing the social and civic order. This violence is the more reprehensible because it is in the interest of an appeal to reason and to justice.

Belligerency on the part of women, violence on the part of mothers, wives and sisters, harks back to the brute forces which characterized the barbarian, instead of looking forward to the dominance of law, which is also love,—the characteristic of civilization.

A noted woman leader in England is reported to have said to a sympathetic friend: "This is war, and the worst has not yet been reached." No! a thousand times No! This is not war. It is a movement away from war. The fundamental claim of the woman's cause is that citizenship does not rest in might but in right. The domination of brawn must go as the domination of the pike, the bow, and the arrow, has already gone. The ballot box rests not upon the parapet of a fort, and its defense lies not in the sullen cannon skulking behind the parapet. It rests rather on the judge's bench. Nay, on the altar itself. Its place is on the communion table where the sanctities of the law of love are recognized. Were the mistakes less grievous and the demonstrations less hideous, one would cry shame! shame! Sisters, shame! But, as we see it, the mistakes are so fraught with mischief,—the belligerency so retards the cause, which we, with the defiant sisters, hold dear,—that it calls for tears, not for abuse. Their delusion is so pathetic that it calls for pity, not indignation.

"O, but we on this side cannot understand the situation!" "Conditions are so different over there!" "We must make allowance for the stolidity of the English character!" etc., etc. These are the oft heard sentences in the mouths of those who would extenuate these crimes of the English women, against law and order.

Are the circumstances so different? Can we, speakers of English, readers of English literature, students of the same books, mutual lovers of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Robert Browning and George Eliot, not understand one another? Is British character so foreign to our own? Were not Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin and Gladstone English? Do they not talk a language, nay, and voice a message that we can understand? Have they not pleaded for justice and love, as did our own Thomas Jefferson, Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Emerson, Lowell and Whittier? Are they not bone of our bone and blood of our blood? If Englishmen cannot be understood by Americans then are we degenerate children of a noble ancestry.

Nay, the trouble is that we understand them so well, and have feelings so akin to theirs, that we are swayed by their superficial enthusiasm, where quiet thought and deep meditation is needed. We Americans, women as well as men, are so given to boisterousness, to foolish display and noisy rhetoric, that we are easily hypnotized for the time being by such weaknesses when displayed across the water.

It is time that those on both sides of the water, who believe that the militant age is passing, should appeal to the deeper forces and trust to the power of reason and of love. Every appeal to the brute in men and women retards the coming of the righteous ballot, sets back the clock of progress.

Is it not time for the women who believe in suffrage on this side of the water to help the women on the other side to rid themselves of this reproach, to lead them out of these reactionary demonstrations? Rowdyism wearing petticoats is more deplorable than the same manifestation in trousers.

Let the women of America send a loving message across the water, showing the better way. Let them remind the English women that there are already eight states in our great Union which have recognized women's equal right to the ballot without an appeal to arms, or the necessity of a call for the police.

What woman's club will lead a host of American woman's clubs in sending to their sisters across the water such resolution as this:

Resolved, That the Woman's Club of ...., earnestly deplores the belligerent, law defiant attitude of those sisters in England,who by their lawlessness are menacing the cause dear to them and to us. Our appeal should be to reason and not to arms. There is a notoriety that is not notable. Militancy belongs to a past or passing regime which is masculine. The appeal to reason, the argument of love alone, will hasten the coming of government based on the hearthstone, not on the bayonet. The family, and not the regiment, is the unit of the democratic government that women are to help establish.

A Plea for Poetry

Is it true that our educated people are not reading poetry any more? It would seem so, from the symposium recently published in this paper in review of the books of 1912. Of all the statements presented—and they were more than two or three in number—only one contained any mention of modern poetry. It was different in the old days, unless false tales have been told to my ears. Many a man of the older generation have I heard tell of reading the poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Tennyson, and their fellow-minstrels, as they were published in slender volumes from time to time. These poems were the literary events of the years in which they appeared, and no man or woman could make a claim to culture who was not familiar with them. But times have seemingly changed. Our good senior editor asks his associates—a company of the chosen surely—to tell of what they have been reading for a twelve-month past, and only one confesses that he has beguiled his leisure and occupied his hours of study with the sweet delights of verse. Bergson and Eucken, and the Higher Criticism, and the welter of sociological literature, are well enough, I know. But they are not all—for I count that soul poor which does not enrich itself with that highest form of all literature, which is poetry.

But where is the poetry these days, you ask? Surely, there are no Longfellows, or Whittiers, or Lowells, or Tennysons writing today? Are you sure of that, good friend? Go to sleep for twenty years, like another Rip Van Winkle, and then see how stand the poets who are today singing to our unheeding ears? What of William Watson? Is his place not already secure among the great poets of England? What of Stephen Phillips? Are not his poetic dreams worthy of the tradition which is behind them; and where, in the hundred years just past, can you find a finer piece than his "Marpessa"? What of Alfred Noyes? Compare the works of this gifted singer with the works of Tennyson and Browning at his present age, and who will not admit the supremacy, to this extent at least, of the living man? What of John Masefield? Are not all the ear-marks of poetic genius to be found in "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Dauber"? What of Gibson? Who can name a nobler interpretor of life, or one more gifted with grace and feeling? And in our own country—what of Miss Peabody, and Mr. MacKaye, and the lamented William Vaughn Moody, to make only a beginning of the list? O, the poets are here! They are singing as bravely as they have ever sung. But where are the hearers? Are we so beset with philosophy, or theology, or sociology, that we cannot listen longer to the music of men's souls? Are we so obsessed with practical activities that we cannot pause at intervals and dwell in realms of beauty? God forbid that this should be so. For when a nation's heart is no longer attuned to the poet and his song, it bodes ill for life and love.

New York City. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE JUDGMENT OF MOTHERS.

And God spake: "Now bring me the mothers,
The women whose travail has wrought
The strength and weakness of nations."
And straightway the mothers were brought.

First Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Drew near to the feet of her Son,
As into the Infinite Presence
The women were led, one by one.

They came from earth's outermost borders
From palace and hovel they came;
And some bore the heart of a mother,
While some were but mothers in name.

Behold them! so strong in their weakness,
These mothers of men; at whose breast
The kings of the earth have been suckled
And beggars have laid them to rest.

The brawn and the sinew of nations
Was born of these women, whose blood
Ran warm in the veins of our heroes
And marked them "the chosen of God."

The mothers of kings, in whose hearing
The pride of their offspring is shown.
The mothers of serfs, who had suffered
And carried their children—alone.

The mothers of men who have conquered;
The mothers of men who have failed;
Each bearing a cross on her bosom—
For each to that cross has been nailed.

And lo! at the feet of the Master
One bends—with the cross on her breast,
Although she has carried no children—
(Her place is apart from the rest).

The mothers of kings and of beggars
Withdraw from the spot where she lies.
"What right has *this* woman among us?"
They question, in startled surprise.

But Mary—the mother of Jesus—
Looked down on the woman, and smiled;
"Her soul is the *soul* of a mother,
Alhtough she has suckled no child."

And God spake: "Oh, ye who are mothers
This woman has surely her part
Among you; for though she is childless,
She still is a mother—at heart."

—*Clara Griffith Gazzam.*

THE PULPIT

MORAL EVOLUTION

From Hate to Love

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
January 12, 1913

Being the Fourth Sermon in the Course on
"Life on the Road, or, Whither Bound"

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

Infinite Love, help us to find thee. Never failing love, help us to trust thee. All sufficient power of love, help us to find our strength in thee. O Father help us to climb through hate and selfishness on to the heights where love and disinterestedness bring peace in the midst of the storm: rest in the strain of work; comfort in the disappointments of life. Father, we are weak and need some strong revealing of thyself this morning. May we find it in the hunger of the human heart, may we find it in the up-reaching of life everywhere, and may the love that is resting in the nest of the bird, in the home of the savage, in the heart of the sage, be ours this morning, that thy peace may come into our lives and thy strength be found in our arms and thy truth find utterance in our words. Amen.

Sermon

Life is on the road. Whither is it bound? We have seen, I hope, in the previous sermons in this course, that, at least, it has traveled from the worm to the biped. We have seen that it has traveled out of brawn into the realm of brain. We have seen that it has risen out of tyranny and despotism towards democracy. This morning I hope to suggest an argument that justifies the thought that life has traveled from Hate to Love; out of antipathy into sympathy; out of rivalry into co-operation, out of isolation into companionship.

Love, as we find it on the road, is no recent acquirement of the sentimentalist, no crowning ecstasy of young wooers, no special revelation of sweetheart to sweetheart. Says the poet:

> "I have gone the whole round of creation,
> And report as man may of God's world,
> All is law, yet all is love."

Far, far down in the sub-human realms we find the roots of love,—where the wooing gasses catch one another and embrace for further efficiency; where the cells group themselves together, and then at last on the upward road, fall apart, that parentage may lay the adequate foundations of love.

I have a book in my library, on sociology, which has a frontispiece entitled "The Social Unit." It is the picture of a primitive mother with a babe at her breast. But love began far, far back of that. Héroditus noticed that the Egyptians had a way at certain seasons of the year, of hieing themselves to the desert, there cutting the wild palm branches and bringing them to their gardens and palace yards and swaying them over the blossoming branches of their cultivated palms; Heroditus suspected that they were moved by the superstition that otherwise they would have no fruit on the latter at harvest time. Now in recognition of the fertility of nature, the scientist tells us, those far away Pharaohs uprooted the trees that bore the dates and transferred them to the gardens, leaving as they thought, only worthless palms in the desert; however science reveals that those rejected, were the *father* palms, without which there could be no dates. So way down, not only in the sub-human, but in the vegetable life, we find that love finds its roots wherever parentage is. Drummond, in his study of this subject, reminds us that all the food of the world is love food. The corn, the rice, the milk,—the perfect food for man,—are all love products. The nourishment we find in the corn is deposited for the benefit of the next generation, it is not contributed to the love life for the present. Three-quarters of the world, he tells us, live on rice. Rice is love food, as it was seed and is fruit, provision primary to the love life of the species it represents. Often in the plant life we find co-operation raised to a high degree. The thistle which is despised and avoided, and which we would fain eliminate from our fields, is a highly developed co-operative plant; it is not one plant, but a community of plants, nestling lovingly together, that by this association they may invite the agencies that will help in their fertilization. Some individuals among the sunflowers as well as among the higher insects sacrifice their own fertility to conspicuousness that they may invite the agencies that will make the remainder of the colony fertile.

When an enemy invades either an ant hill or a beehive, the living seek not their own shelter, nor even their own stores, but they rush to the protection of the unborn, and hasten away with the offspring which it is their destiny to perpetuate. In the higher realm of animal life, below the human, the books tell us that the social animals have the largest hold on life. Indeed, Darwin has said that those animals survive who have the greatest number of sympathies.

My books tell me that the feline family of animals, continues solitary, selfish, suspicious, quarrelsome, and is doomed,—from the tiger, its ancient queen, to the domestic cat. Because, while in the domestic cat there is a reception of love, there is the minimum of response. It will receive caresses but give few. It thrives perhaps under the protection of humane guardians, but there are no ties that bind its heart to those guardians. It sticks by a locality regardless of the tenant therein. A warning lesson, in love!

The co-operative birds again show the same instinct of love. The higher you climb on the tree of life, the more securely you find established the bond between father and mother, the more efficient are they in protecting and nourishing the young, the more love and self-sacrifice is displayed. We do not have far to go in the study of animal life, particularly among the more highly developed birds, before we come upon a solid, sure monogamic life,—one wife to one husband, one loyalty in one home. This development in the father comes later than in the mother, but come it does, long before we reach the human. The higher the development the more consecrated and loyal is the union, until we are told that in some bird families it is for life; and the books feel safe in asserting that there are some marked cases, where the union is not only for life, but the widowed member remains in loneliness to the end.

The one element that makes the human, humane, is this love element of the home. There was mater-

nity in the world cycles before there was motherhood, and cycles after that, there was paternity before there was fatherhood. Comparatively late in the evolution of life has fatherhood been developed. Paternity has been oblivious of its own through cycles of life. Indeed the cases are not wanting where motherhood has had to protect the offspring from their own father. But as John Fiske has shown, one result of the upward march is that the offspring comes into the world more and more helpless and inefficient, until at last the human infant, which is the most helpless of all young things. It is absolutely dependent, not for a day, a week, or a month, but for years, upon the protecting care of father and mother. Not only are the minor years left free for new experiences and widening development, but the heart-strings are woven which more surely bind the child to parent and parent to child,—the love life of the soul is promoted by the prolongation of infancy. Here again, I love to dwell on the sub-human evidences of love, the sub-human roots of the family. For surely if there is love in sub-human realms, we have reason to believe and hope that there exists love in the super-human realm. But that is for next Sunday.

Many of you rejoiced with me, some years ago, in two strangely beautiful and suggestive pictures. These two modern artists sought to indicate the roots of love, the foundations of the family. One of them,—was it Kuppenfelds,—gave us that marvelously tender picture, where the gorilla mother and the gorilla babe, rest with a complacent sense of security in the arborial home among the branches, while the father gorilla at the foot of the tree, keeps vigilant watch to ward off enemies. The other picture was one that Gabriel Max gave to Haeckel on his sixtieth birthday. "The Foundation of the Family" which the artist finds on the branch of the tree of life joining the human, the Pithecanthropus Alalos,—the speechless man-ape. The mother with the infant at her breast, with motherly affection and concentration is looking down at her babe, her love is centered in him. The father ape has risen painfully and awkwardly upon his hind feet and rests upon the fallen log, and is looking wistfully out and beyond, with a vague premonition of something to come. Is it danger or pleasure? Is it pain or blessing? Is it menace or help? It is in such studies as these that we find an adequate foundation for the belief that life has been moving out of solitude into companionship, out of hatred into love.

Confining ourselves to the human,—how easy it is to trace the development of the home out of the simplest, lowliest conditions, and reaching upward find that home widening into the safety of the tribe, the pride of the clan, the patriotism of the nation, and finally a passion for humanity, which is the crown and glory of the human at his highest.

We have already come so far on this "life on the road" that we begin to despise the selfish life, however pious. We quote in derision and contempt the prayer which, at a certain stage of spiritual development, is the ritual of the many: "O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, O Lord. Amen!" We turn rather to the liturgy of Tiny Tim at Christmas time. The little cripple riding on the shoulders of a loving father, cries, "God bless us, every one!" no narrower liturgy suffices. We were touched, we older ones, thirty years ago, by that pathetic prayer which George Macdonald put into the mouth of his noblest creation, David Falconer, who in the strain of a great emotion and the loneliness of a pathetic disinterestedness, fell upon his knees, beseeching the Lord to let the light of his countenance shine upon his solitary and lonely life. But the words had no sooner passed his lips, than, rising superior to his prayer, he sprang to his feet, saying: "Nay, not until Thee love ilka body." He asked no blessing not granted to all. He desired not the bliss of a selfish heaven. Farther along in that story, still yielding to the hard and solid law of love, he makes the same thought evident, and relieves himself by imagining that when he wins the celestial abode, if he is permitted a chair at the master's table, he will still be haunted with the thought of those who dwell in the abodes of misery, where perchance a wayward passion has taken them. And he proposes, before sitting down to the heavenly feast, to make an appeal to the Master, at the head of the table, for permission to be allowed to forego his pleasure there, that he may descend into the lower depths of hell and there perchance persuade the wayward and bring them up, too, so that the Father's table at last shall be complete.

I am not talking theology this morning, I am talking sociology. I am talking about the growth of love out of hate, without referring to anything beyond. I say that Robert Falconer indicates a movement of humanity that is verified everywhere, in the story of nations, as well as in the story of individuals. Nations have thriven by hate and have grown through rivalry. I alluded last Sunday to the mighty power achieved by despotism. Great nations were built upon aristocracy, but those nations while they lived reeked with blood. We see on the bas-reliefs of Babylon and Ninevah, prisoners of war being flayed alive, impaled on the spears of their conquerers. We see the workingman, the toiler, being crushed under the relentless rollers that carried the mighty blocks used in building the pyramids; those great monuments with which the tyrant hoped to defy time and to form allegiance with eternity, but failed ignominously.

So we find that love is an element to be studied by the statesman, is something to be reckoned with by the politician. Our courts of justice are beginning to realize that Browning's line is imperious and imperative: "All is Law, yet all is Love," else it is lawless! The hundred or more varieties of capital crimes that burdened the courts of England some two hundred years ago, have been reduced and reduced until now they are confined to perhaps two or three offenses. And with every decrease in the cruelty and severity of law, has come an increased respect for law, a growth in morality. Just now our mayor is telling us that we are visited by a flood of crime because of the relenting character of our legislation, because of our readiness to give man another chance. It would be well for our city and worthy the Mayor, if the facts in the case justified this statement; if there were no other causes for violence and crime and debauchery in the city of Chicago, than those which mercy fosters, or the clumsy workings of legislators that seek to interpret law in terms of love, to deal out justice, which in our broken speech, is oftentimes mis-named mercy. Love is the exaction of a law that compels us to recognize that our lives are linked with other lives, and that our duty is not discharged until we

regard the well-being of others. Marriage in the last analysis is not primarily ecstasy but responsibility. It is not pleasure but discipline, it is not a whim of the wayward heart but a demand that the laws of the universe, the responsibilities of a home,—shall rest on the shoulders of those who assume those responsibilities "until death do us part." This whimsical disposal of marriage vows, this defiance of the sanctities of marriage, is a reversion to the lower life where paternity does not assume fatherhood, and maternity averts the responsibility and joy of motherhood. Love is severe. Love calls for the assuming of obligations, which over-ride sentimental frivolousness, and the wayward life of passion.

Love is not only the "greatest thing in the world" as the Scotch preacher put it, in his great book, but love is the strongest thing in the world.

Like some of the rest of you, doubtless, I have been reading Lady Gregory's Irish plays of late. You remember how in the story of "The Rising Moon," the Sergeant of the Police force is alert to catch the escaped convict, for whom there is a hundred pounds reward. The sergeant, mindful of his oath of office and not unmindful of the many things that a hundred pounds will buy, watches for his victim. There comes in his way a wandering minstrel,—a ragged man, peddling ballads,—and engages in conversation with him. They sit together on a barrel in the quiet hours of midnight under the pale light of the moon, and the ballad singer sings some of the old songs of their boyhood; touches some of the martial strains that awake patriotic associations,—the memories of heroic loyalties, peculiarly dear to the Irishman. And the ballad singer chants:

"O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to be.
In the old spot by the river
Right well known to you and me!

The Sergeant says: "Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!" But the singer continues louder:

"One word more, for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
At the rising of the moon."

And with the swiftness, characteristic of Lady Gregory's art, the story develops and soon the minstrel throws off his mask and wig. But the chords of love in the heart have been touched, and the Sergeant is lost in the patriot. The servant of a foreign king or queen is lost in the loyal Irishman and he returns the wig and the mask, and turns the other policeman off the scent. The heart has asserted itself. The love that is larger than the conventions, the loyalty that is more profound than that which belongs to a law which defies the demands of love, assert themselves.

The old international code, even up to this date, rests on the assumption that the normal condition between nations is one of hatred. The statesmanship of the would-be big "Powers" of the world is still centered on the problem of how to protect the home country from the invasion of hostile forces. Germany lies in wait like a crouching panther, lest some dark night Great Britain should pounce upon it and devour it. And the island Kingdom goes on building the enginery of destruction,—her ships of war, in order that the British Jack may never be insulted, and England's far flung possessions may be kept intact. All this in vain defiance of the great and fundamental law of nature, now rising into a conception of the family that includes the world. Poor and low is that family that knows quarreling and hatred between brothers and sisters. As poor and as primitive and as despicable and as hopeless, are those nations who exist side by side expecting violence, counting upon violence, and preparing for violence.

Mr. Edwin Markham, during his visit here, had much to say in one way or another about the "thinking heart." I did not ask him to analize it, perhaps he could not. But I ask you to analyze it. All thinking that is in defiance of the loving heart, means false thinking. Brute thinking, lion thinking, tiger meditations!

The great climax in Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics" is found in those marvelous chapters: Egoism versus Altruism, and Altruism versus Egoism, where he shows that the creative forces in the human life, pass at last triumphantly over the high bridge, out of selfishness into love, out of rivalry into co-operation, out of hatred into sympathy. The lesson of evolution indicated by Frances Power Cobbe in her interesting book on "Social Morals," is out of antipathy through heteropathy into sympathy. Out of a primitive antagonism through a sad indifference,—"I-don't-care-for-your interests, your child may go hungry and poor, and your wife may die from lack of proper food; but my loved ones must be sheltered, protected, pampered; nursed and guarded by an army of foster mothers,—into sympathy for all needy ones." The mother who can rest well at night, nestling to her heart her own pampered child, with the knowledge that the money with which she has procured these artificial protections, extending her maternity through substitutes, which was procured at the cost of the child in the next block, in the next street, or the next city, who drops upon its hard palette of straw without linen or pillow, without caresses or love, without good air or good food,—is allied not to the dove on her nest but to the tigress in her lair. Such are the demands of love! So exacting is the law of love, so stern and irrisistible is the march of love onward.

"Proputty, proputty, proputty—
'Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is!'"

Says the old northern farmer in Tennyson's poem. What is property as interpreted by the law of love, which is the law of civilization? There are three elements in every dollar that you and I claim as our own, and in every foot of land. One element is what I did in acquiring it, another, is what my father did, and the third element is what God Almighty put into it. Your property, anybody's property, everybody's property represents these divided claims! You may claim the result of the individual effort which you have made; you may claim a right to the inheritence which has come to you, not through your own effort, but through your fore-elders. You may claim that which your forefathers went from Normandy into England to steal,—there is that element in your property,—but there is still another element which neither you nor your fathers had anything to do with. And I suspect that when you post your books according to your own best judgment, you will acknowledge that that which stands for God's Providence is the largest element in everybody's property, and love calls for an accounting of that element, and the pressure of history is back of that demand.

Despotism is impossible where the law of love is enforced. Rome has been burned seventeen times and every rebuilding has brought her one step farther on towards the kingdom of universal love. Look it up and see if it is not true. Each step has been an onward one. "Make no more giants Lord, but elevate the race at once!" is the prayer which Robert Browning puts into the mouth of Paracelsus, and that prayer is the burdened cry of history.

I want to make love a thing of blood and bone. I claim that love has a right to be heard in the courts of Justice,—all courts, from the city Police Court up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Love demands a place in the accounting of the business man, and his accumulations must be tested by this law or else he is arraigned for harboring stolen goods, convicted of claiming that which is not his own.

Turning to Lady Gregory again. Another lesson came to me in the small hours of last night, when I was reading how the "King of the World" came along and took a poor, forlorn, homeless woman, into a home where she found love and prosperity. Many days after, caught in the grip of a bitter storm, the "King of the World" returned, and asked for a few grains of wheat from the meal which she was preparing for her family. But she, with haughty independence, said: "Isn't a cold potato good enough for you? Give him a cold potato!" In the final development of the story she realized that she had turned away the "King of the World" who had directed her to a home and pleasure. The story says in quaint phrase, "she got around this" by saying: "Why didn't you give me a heart that would like to divide it?" Sure enough, the "King of the World" sometimes gives us things without giving us the heart to divide, and such gifts are questionable blessings. Anyhow the old counters must give way to the counters of love, and the Galway shop-woman's saying is true: "Refuse not any, for the one you may refuse may be the Christ."

I like to think of the mighty potency of love and how it works out economic problems. All the great reforms of the world are accomplished by love. The house is afire! The babe is at the upper window. Does the father rush to the policeman and say: "Here is a hundred-dollar bill, save my baby!" The fireman would knock a man down who would offer him money at such a moment. The cry of a baby is enough, through flames and smoke the fireman makes his way to the child and brings it down in safety. Not money, not selfishness, but duty, inspires the daring act. All the high achievements of the world are done through the inspirations of love.

Do you want symbols of the higher power of citizenship; take the story of the band of North Dakota farmers, who tied themselves together with long ropes and started out in the face of the blizzard to bring home the school children. They brought them home. Some of them frozen nigh unto death. And they brought the loyal, winsome school Ma'am,—a slip of a modest, undeveloped girl who was found brooding like a mother hen over the smallest children tuckled well under her mantle.

I was at Mission Ridge with Sherman. We broke Bragg's line,—we took the Ridge but left the rugged hillside planted thick with torn and dying men. A soldier may forget the dead, but the groans of the dying haunt me still. On the second night we returned from the pursuit—a winter night bitterly cold. The ridge was ablaze with great camp fires. We could see the wierd figures of soldiers and mule teams passing to and fro in front of the blazing fires. And in and out among those soldiers moved the figure of one woman, silhouetted against the murky sky, such a sybil as Angelo never painted. It was Mother Bickerdyke, directing the forces tearing down the wooden facings of the fortifications to feed the bonfires which were to save her mangled patients from freezing to death. It is a matter of history, that the officer of the day rode up and ordered the soldiers to cease from this work of destruction, the breaking down of the breastworks. But the soldiers had heard the command of the Higher officer; no officer of the day, however dictatorial his office and word, could deter those privates from obeying the commands of Mother Bickerdyke. She said to the officer: "Go away, let me reckon with the President of the United States if need be. Those boys are not going to freeze tonight, so long as there is a piece of timber in the forts unburned."

Such are the illustrations that represent the mighty power of the love that we are coming to.

Out of hate into love is the line marching. This is the onward march of man into the realm which Goethe in his "Faust," called the "Eternally-womanly." Do not take that too complacently to heart, you sisters as yet untouched with these universal thoughts. The "Eternally-Womanly" will find its lodgment in the father as well as the mother heart. It is the domain of universal love as contra-distinguished from the domain of un-loving power. Manhood is to be represented not by the sword, but by skill, which leaves the sword behind. Masculine aggressiveness, the rule of the strong, was realized in a most eminent degree by Babylon, Egypt, and the other dead nations, but it did not save them, and it will not save the "Powers" of today. The strongest of "Powers" rooted in rivalry and defended by armament must go, among them are Russia, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, in so far as they rest in the philosophy of hate, which has fear, for a bodyguard. So far as they trust the rule of the strong, in defiance to the law of the loving, they have got to go.

The love that I have been talking about has cosmic roots reaching down to the primal parenthood. Not the rule of the warrior, but the rule of the mother, is the more fundamental. Love is not sentimentality but sympathy, and sympathy is rooted in simplicity, humility and reason. The new state is the enlarged home, and it is to discharge more and more the functions of motherhood. The "new woman," is the woman who becomes the essential part of the state because she stands for the sympathies of love, the simplicities of reason, the modesties of the moral law.

Oh, it is an offense to womanhood, a retarding of the evolution of hate into love, which makes a grim display of the splendors of the harem, the mimic cruelties and vulgarities of despotism, as perpetrated in Chicago last week under the guize of a Charity Ball. O Charity, how hast thou been insulted this week! How has thy love been defeated! Love, the latest development on the tree of life, is allied to simplicity, to economy, and thrift; and it alone will so administer the goods of God and the goods of man that there will be enough to go around. And until there is enough to go around, I resent the cruelty, the waste-

fulness, of this vulgar display, the cost of which is counted by the hundreds of thousand dollars.

I plead for a love that will embody itself in decent homes and international sympathies; in an ideal that looks towards a fraternal world and a brotherhood that will include all of the children of God who make for the coming of righteousness,—that domain of life of Him whose best name is Love.

For thy love, revealed in love of father and mother, revealed in home-side and country-side and world-side, we give thanks Father. Amen.

The Church and the Superman

1. Symmetry and Specilization.

I take it that no one will deny that the shoemaker is of more importance than the shoes he makes. We all have some notion of what a man should be like physically, mentally and spiritually, and we believe that the first thing to be considered by all of us is how to realize this ideal in everyone, be it in one who is by trade a shoemaker, or by profession a physician, or indeed anything else. The most important product of human activity is better men, and to this end all other fruits of labor should be subservient.

Now, as most of us are beginning to realize, this trade of shoemaker pursued for many years exposes a man to certain "vocational" diseases or deformities of the body. Does any thoughtful person doubt if we add that the mind, too, is similarly affected? Is it not also our experience that not only the shoemaker but every other specialist suffers from the mental warps and quirks and fixed ideas peculiar to his profession? Might not one justly affirm that in proportion to our specialization, we depart from our ideal of symmetrical perfection, of well-balanced living and thinking which is the aim of all of us to realize in ourselves and in society?

But although, on the other hand, all specialization is hostile to the development of our ideal of supermanhood, yet, on the other hand, this very specialization is the source of much that is absolutely indispensable to us. For, in the first place, our ideal symmetrical superman is a composite concept, is but a collection of specialists cunningly combined, is but the sum of the positive qualities and characters of unsymmetrical men. And, secondly, most of our advances in scientific knowledge and in esthetic and industrial achievement, which are of such inestimable value to us for our development, are the fruits of specialization. These two forces or tendencies, or whatever we may choose to call them, the one towards specialization and the other towards symmetry, are present in all of us, and our lives are the resultant of their combined values. If we are specialists, the one predominates greatly; if we are not specialists, the other value is increased.

In the age in which we are now living specialization is prevalent as never before. In the professions, in science, in industry, everywhere is the same great specialization corresponding to a division of labor which is becoming increasingly minute. In the field of industry the cobbler who goes

"Rat tat tat,
Making shoes for you and me,"

is now hardly to be found. He is relegated to the kindergarten song just quoted. His skilful manipulation, are now replaced by a few simple mechanical movements. He is the merest fragment of the modern shoemaking giant—the factory. As in industry, so in the professions, the medical specialist, for example, is becoming a smaller and smaller fragment of a giant profession.

Just as in the case of the shoemaker and the medical specialist, we regret that their work has lost much of its educational value, while of course gaining in productivity, so may we feel a certain regret in regard to every form of specialization. And it is this regret which makes us again and again hark back to the demand for culture in life and the cultural element in education. We desire that dealers in pig-iron be acquainted with the origin of species, that professors of physics be alive to the problems of archeologic scholarship; that the cobbler be conversant with the doctrine of the single tax and so forth. And we add furthermore that all these persons must share their learning with the artist and the musician, some of whose lore they must take in return. We insist that all these things enrich life and that no life is worth living from which any of these things are absent. We see in the specialist the communities' slave, and in the man of culture the true aristocracy, the class through which alone the life of man becomes significant.

Ere long, however, we are confronted with some new and astounding discovery of science or creation of artistic genius, the work perhaps of one of those specialists, the despised fragments of our superman, and after a moment's hesitation we crown this specialist with laurels, and rush to the other extreme in our admiration and laudation of successful and beneficent specialization.

So forever and forever continues this opposition between specialization and symmetry. And the clash between the bigoted champions of each is sometimes not a little acrimonious, the one dubbing the other "amateurish" and unproductive; while the other pityingly refers to a symmetry, grotesqueness and the need of spiritual and mental orthopedics. The one the merest fragment of a giant, the other a perfect dwarf.

Here, then, is a case where thesis and antithesis occasionally result in the synthesis of a superman as the race advances one foot and then the other.

2. The Greater Church as a Champion of Symmetry.—Not quite a year ago I gave a discourse before a religious convention in which I tried to show that roughly speaking the word church was used to designate two separate concepts. According to the first of these, "the church" is an organization for the culture of the higher life through public worship, religious education and similar devices. According to the second of these, the function of the church is to cultivate the complete man, the man whose symmetry is perfect.

To distinguish between these two concepts I called the first the *lesser* and the second the *greater church*. The greater church in its activity may employ any method whatsoever. In its effort to create perfection it may emphasize eugenics, euthenics, individual soul culture, hygienics, anything in short according to the special need of the individual or the society to which it ministers. All other organizations begin with a partial ideal. Each preaches its own incomplete gospel, be it child labor, or prohibition or simplified spelling or what not, but the greater church begins with the group to which it ministers, and assisted by such spe-

cialists as may from time to time be required, it tries to create perfect types of men and women.

The minister of the lesser church is a specialist while the minister of the greater church is not a specialist. Indeed in the case of the latter a specialty is a source of grave danger, since the concept of humanity which he seeks to realize will only be limited, biased, distorted, by such a specialty. It is precisely because he is not a specialist that though he sees less minutely perhaps, he sees with better appreciation of perspective. He has not the specific, occupational mental disease of the specialist. His specialty, if it be insisted that a specialty he *must* have, is to strive to have no specialty, but merely to have an ideal of human perfection which he desires to see realized in himself and in others.

The minister of the greater church may be a pastor or a social worker or an author; he may be a professional or an amateur. But when people have confidence in him and his ideals, he is not unlikely to be supported by some organization, calling itself a church or a settlement or by some other name. If, however, the ideals of the minister of the greater church be much at variance with current opinion so that they arouse the hostility of those who possess the power of bestowing or withdrawing his means of support, then be he pastor or social worker or author he will have to forego the advantages of a professional, an uninterrupted ministry. Then one of two courses are open to him. He may specialize in so far as that may be necessary for obtaining a livelihood in a society whose economic basis is specialized labor, and then superimpose upon that activity his ministry in the greater church. This fate is not so hard, many great men have supported themselves by a humble vocation during their ministry in the greater church. Or, on the other hand, he may enter with enthusiasm into some great specialty which is attractive to him, carrying with him the resolve to struggle hard against the deformities of mind which are sure to haunt his path, and contented to do the work of the greater church in so far as he may be able through his life and through his example.

Ganges, Mich. PERCY M. DAWSON.

What Shall We Say?—V.

SHALL THE TURK GO?—What shall we say of the expulsion of the Turk from Europe? Most of us say let him go, and he seems to be going. But we would not have him driven out because he is a Turk nor because he is a Moslem. Those are not good reasons. Difference in race or in religion is no valid cause for war. Nor is it really the habit of massacre to which the Turk seems addicted and by which he has stained the soil of Armenia and Syria as well as that of Macedonia, Bulgaria and Greece. The Turk has a long list of massacres because he has a long lease of opportunity. The fault is not with the Turk but with the system. He has held alien lands in military servitude for 500 years. Others have have done as he does when the opportunity or the necessity was forced upon them. Military pacification and military control over people who do not manage their own affairs spells always massacre. Massacre is war, the very worst side of war. It is war unrelieved by any lofty purpose. But more blood has been shed in the Balkans in a month than the Turks have shed in a century before. Yet there is a difference. There is real force in the Macedonian proverb, "Better an end with horror, than horror without end." There is a Mexican proverb, "The grass grows over the graves of those who fall in battle, but not over those slain wantonly." The evil does not lie with the Turk as Turk. Turks are much like other people. Like other good soldiers, those who have tried it have no love for war. They would rather not kill nor be killed. But military occupation is irksome. A soldier insults a woman. This has been a soldier's privilege in most countries through the insolent ages. An insult is resented. An alien insults a soldier. A trader refuses to pay his taxes. A civilian complains of ill treatment. A boy shoots a soldier from behind a cactus hedge. The soldier seeks revenge. His comrades stand behind him. Whatever the provocation, "shooting up the town" is no novelty in history. Insolence begets resistance. Resistance to the soldier is "treachery." The penalty of treachery is "massacre." This story has been told over and over again wherever there is military pacification and military occupation. It has been told in our day in Armenia and Adana and Macedonia. It has been told in the Oasis of Tripoli, in the Transvaal, in Samar, in Peking, in Bessarabia, in Korea, in Finland, in Zululand, in the Soudan, in the Congo, in Yucatan, in India, in Indo-China, in Arabia, in Egypt. It is not the soldier's duty to stand patiently under abuse. It is not his part to respect the rights of men. It is not the civilian's part to take in meekness the soldier's insults. And it is not the expulsion of the Turk we hope for. The Turk is the least of our problems. We would put an end to the whole system which involves "the right to rule without the duty to protect." And in the long run, there is no protection for any people who have not some voice in their own affairs. Sooner or later comes the end to all imperial domination that strikes no deeper roots than force or fear.

World Peace Foundation. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

ROBERT BROWNING

The world has said in its need since the work of the world began,
"Fair is the song to heed, so what need we ask of the man?
Praise for the flame-pure song; what matter the folk that sing?
Let them hold duty a shame and honor a little thing!
Words in a noble flood, and if hearts shall be crushed beneath,
There must be drops of blood for the gems of the laurel-wreath."

But this bard stood to his word; his life to his lyre rang true;
He held by the truths he spoke; the honor he praised he knew;
And where his torch burned high with a steady, joyful spark,
He heard a wonderful cry that sang and sobbed in the dark.
His strong hands stretched to the shade and lifted the captive free;
Close by him, unafraid, she chanted more perfectly.
Down through her years till night still held they the great dream higher
Clear to the sad world's sight a pulsing of star-white fire.

Aye, through his years alone of playing the brave world part
Ever the star-fire shone as vestal-clear in his heart;
Changeless his faith and brave, and dauntless his steady sight,
Watching across her grave to a tryst in the unknown light.
Loyal comrade and guide, noble poet and friend,
Yet beyond all beside true lover and knight to the end!

In the January Century. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR.....MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PARCEL-POST INEQUALITIES

Postal legislation for the discouragement of education now stands on the statute book, and should receive early revision. By the terms of the new parcel-post law, potatoes and turnips and other produce may be mailed for local delivery ot five cents for a single pound, of fifteen cents for eleven pounds, with corresponding rates between these weights; but a book weighing a pound must bear eight cents in stamps, and no book exceeding four pounds may be sent by mail. Packages of books aggregating eleven pounds in weight would call for at least forty-eight cents' worth of stamps as compared with fifteen cents for the same weight of bricks or cabbages or shingle nails. A public library or a book shop may not supply its near-by patrons with reading matter through the mails at lesser rate than eight cents a pound, but the grocer or dry goods dealer is allowed to fill the orders of his customers throughout a fifty-mile zone at a postal rate varying from five cents for a single pound to thirty-five cents for eleven pounds. When the old rate on merchandise other than printed matter was fixed at one cent an ounce, it was considered a handsome concession to the cause of education and of literature to allow books to go by mail at one-half that rate. But now the general merchandise rate for short distances has been diminished about 80 per cent, while the book rate remains as before. That this unfair discrimination may soon be corrected is the prayer of all who handle books or are interested in the spread of literature and learning.—*The Dial, February* 1.

TWO LITANIES

Softly rose the litany:
"Suffer them to come to me;
These my Father's chosen be,
All the little children."
Where the faithful knelt in prayer,
To their Father singing, there
Trembled on the scented air
Voices of the children.

Where the wheels of traffic groaned,
Men of Mammon, high enthroned,
Other litany intoned
For the little children;
Fiercely swelling, loud and strong
Raucous rang their savage song
Where the chaffering traders throng:
"Suffer, little children!

"These the gates of wealth unbar,
These upbear our triumph's car,
These our choicest chattels are—
Suffer, little children!
Little hands must heap our gains,
Little backs must bear our pains,
Little wrists be wrapped in chains—
Suffer, little children!"

"Little faces, pinched and old,
Little fingers blue with cold,
Little lives ground into gold—
Suffer, little children!"
Clacking looms made quick reply,
Whirring wheels took up the cry,
Echoing back hell's litany:
"Suffer, little children!"

From the "home" where hunger hides,
From the street where foulness chides,
From the den where plague abides,
"Suffer, little children!"
From the parching furnace gleam,
From the sweatshop's stinking steam—
"Hope is here an idle dream;
Suffer, little children!"

Theirs the want that waste by day,
Theirs the haste that may not stay,
Theirs to toil, with blows for pay—
"Suffer, little children!"
Theirs unguessed revenge that brings
Wreaking death on countless wings
Where his hell-chant Mammon sings:
"Suffer, little children!"

Crooked back and stunted brain,
Heart of hate and brow of pain,
Youth worked out for Mammon's gain—
"Suffer, little children!"
Racking cough and aching limb,
Ears grown dull and eyes worn dim—
This is how they come to him
Who call the little children.

Still the organ's droning voice
Bids good Christian men rejoice;
Still they tell the Savior's choice:
"Come, ye little children."
Still in market, mine and mill
Mammon works his wanton will,
Wasting youth's fair garden still,
Torturing the children.

—*George L. Knapp.*

The Unitarian Advance

A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion

GEORGE H. BADGER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
EDGAR SWAN WIERS
HENRY WILDER FOOTE
CHARLES WESLEY CASSON
FREDERICK ROBERTSON GRIFFIN
ALSON HAVEN ROBINSON

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

REV. THOMAS R. SLICER, of New York
REV. JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND, of Hartford, Conn.
REV. THOMAS VAN NESS, of Boston
PRES. FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH, of Meadville, Pa.
REV. WILSON M. BACKUS, of Minneapolis, Minn.

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE
is for all of us, all together. It aims to be the organ of no restricted section, no segregated group, no separating party, and no "peculiar idea." It stands for "the open door" for ideas, with a square deal for all sides.

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE
Stands pre-eminently for the **Forward Movement** in religious thought and activity—for the fundamental principle of Unitarianism.

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE
has a resolute purpose.—but it is not dull about it. It is dead in earnest,—which makes it very much alive. It is progressive,—that is, always interesting. It is not afraid of new ideas; and its editors have the courage of their convictions. Besides, we do not deem it essential always to say things in the same old way.

Subscription, One Dollar. Address

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

104 East Twentieth Street, New York

PROCTOR ACADEMY

Andover, N. H.

A school for boys and girls conducted under the auspices of Unitarians. In the foothills of the White Mountains, 100 miles from Boston. Pure water. Bracing air. Central heating and lighting plant. Complete sanitation. Separate dormitories. Gymnasium. Athletic advantages. School farms of 150 acres. College Preparatory, Agricultural, Domestic Science, and Commercial courses. Board and tuition $250 a year. Tuition Scholarships for ten students. For catalogue and full information address

FRANCIS TREADWAY CLAYTON, PRINCIPAL

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill., Orland, Ill., Goodings' Grove, Ill.

Dowd Pure Milk Co.

4326-34 Wabash Ave.

Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the Highest Grade Bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness, and Efficient Delivery

THE ARYAN

The Hindu Paper of Canada

Published at 630 Speed Avenue

VICTORIA, B. C.

Send your subscription and write for advertising rates to
S. SINGH, Managing Editor.

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.

HENRY HILMERS, Prop.

Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873

Wm. Wilson

Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO

The Subscription Price of

UNITY

is $2.00 per annum

Dr. Paul Deussen's Classical Work

THE SYSTEM OF THE VEDANTA

has just been published in an authorized translation by

CHARLES JOHNSTON

Cloth, Gilt Top, Pp. 514 Price, $3.00 net

India has been the classical land of psychological investigation. As the Jew developed religion, the Greeks art and science, so the sages of India, psychology. Pofessor Deussen, who is both a philosopher and a most prominent Sanskrit scholar, has devoted his life to the Vedanta, and in this great work he has collected all pertinent material.

PRESS NOTICES

American Review of Reviews: New York.

This is a rare and wonderful book that is chiefly concerned with the science of the soul. In the Vedanta you will find the seeds of all known philosophical systems. *Emerson's lofty thought was merely the philosophy of Braham filtered through a marvelous Western Mind.*

Boston Transcript: Massachusetts.

Dr. Deussen is a recognized authority in everything pertaining to Hindu philosophy. This book is a systematic exposition of that Hindu Philosophy known as the Vedanta. The volume is like a combination of a work on metaphysics, theology and practical religion. *The book is not only the work of a great scholar, but that of a man who knows how to make things clear.*

The Continent: Chicago.

This is perhaps the most comprehenisve and best balanced presentation we have had of the Hindu system of religions, philosophy, called the Vedanta.

Springfield Republican: Massachusetts.

The author has attempted and accomplished an enormous task—an immense amount of material is collected and compressed into the space of the volume. The quoted portions of the Vedic text are clear and effective and the comments more than commonly readable for even the lay reader.

The Expository Time: London.

Professor Paul Deussen of Kied is one of the great students of Indian literature. His Upanishada has had a wide circulation.

In this book the name of Vedanta is applied to the theological-philosophical system, founded upon the Upanishads which may be called the Dogmatics of Brahmanism. The translation makes easy reading and yet it is reliable.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY
623 - 633 S. Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.

GREGG SHORTHAND

holds the world's record for accuracy—**99.6% perfect**—made by Mr. Charles L. Swem on solid non-court matter. On court testimony, Mr. Swem wrote **268 net words per minute**—only one word below the previous world's record.

Gregg Shorthand is the **easiest system** to learn and by far the most efficient in practice. It is taught in over 2,000 schools because with it students can obtain more satisfactory results in a given time than is possible with any other system.

START NOW—Day and Evening Sessions

Gregg School is the largest school in the world devoted entirely to shorthand training.

Let us send you a catalog. Write for a copy to-day, or, better still, call personally and note for yourself the many advantages enjoyed by our students.

GREGG SCHOOL

Telephone Central 3739

32 S. Wabash Avenue **Chicago, Ill.**

Winter Home in Summer Land

"HICKORY CREST"

beautiful private home, all modern conveniences, thirty-acre grove, five minutes of Southern R. R. Station, now open to a few boarders. Special attention to convalescents or those seeking a mild, dry climate for winter. Milk, butter and eggs produced at home. Terms, fifteen dollars per week. References exchanged.

Address

"HICKORY CREST"
Seneca - - South Carolina

A MAGAZINE of LAUGHTER

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES
Primful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending **25** CENTS in Coin for **One Year** or five(5) separate subscriptions for $1.00. Foreign sub'ns, 25 cents extra.
THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept. , 325 Federal St., Chicago

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalog address, The Registrar, Meadville Theological School

Between
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
via the
Chicago & Alton

Automatic Block Signals
Rockballasted Roadbed
Electric Lighted Trains
Unexcelled Dining Service
The Only Double Track Railroad
between Chicago and St. Louis
For Time Tables and Fares Address:
R. J. McKAY, General Passenger Agent
CHICAGO

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works

INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

SCHUMAN & CO.

CLEANERS

Desire to announce the completion of their new plant which enables them to handle in the most careful way Ladies' Fancy Wearing Apparel and all delicate fabrics that require the most skillful handling. - -

3954 Cottage Grove Avenue CHICAGO

Telephone call Drexel 231 will bring our representative.

UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS

New Edition, Revised and Enlarged

EDITED BY

Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
CHICAGO

THE MAXIMS OF PTAHHOTEP

A beautiful and interesting Card has been prepared as an Easter gift for the pupils of All Souls Sunday School. The sentences are taken from an Instruction Book for the use of Egyptian Youth edited in the time of the Pyramid Builders. The size is 12½x8½ inches with richly colored border. Copies can be procured for 25 cents.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
700 Oakwood Blvd.
CHICAGO

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Jones Dairy Farm Products

We Make

SAUSAGE, HAMS, BACON and LARD

We will be glad to send you one of our little books containing recipes upon request

MILO C. JONES
Jones Dairy Farm
FORT ATKINSON :-: WIS.

Free Reading!

Unitarian sermons sent free on application to MISS ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Sumner St., Lawrence, Mass.

Removal Notice

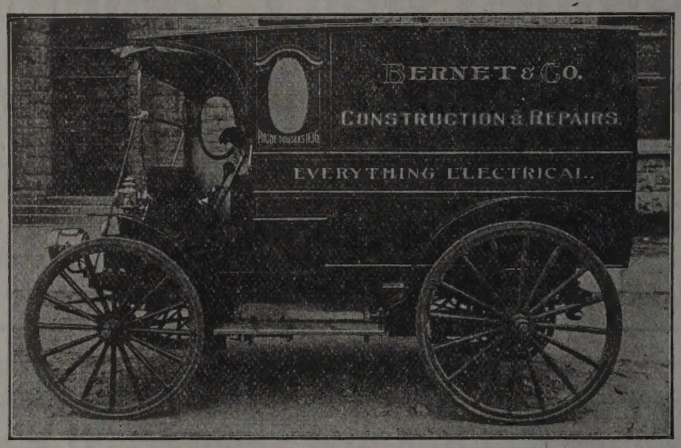
FORCED TO MOVE

The building which we now occupy will be torn down January 1, 1913. We have secured the entire building at 24 West Lake street, near State, where we are permanently located. However, we shall continue to operate this store at 24 North Wabash until December 31.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager



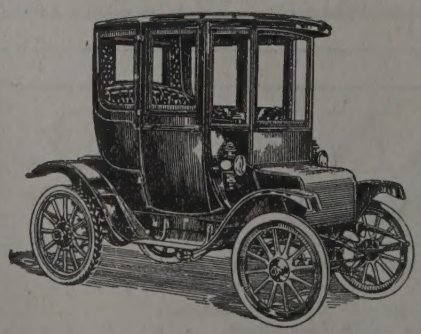
Prompt Service - Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue

PHONE DREXEL 1435

O. Huppenbauer G. A. Gunggoll P. J. Hiselman

EXPERT REPAIRS, BATTERY RENEWALS AND SUPPLIES



Royal Electric Garage

556-606 E. 40th St.

Half Block East of Vincennes Ave.

PHONE KENWOOD 4146

Buy your wife an Electric and keep it at the Royal Electric Garage. WE HOUSE ELECTRICS EXCLUSIVELY. No dirt or grease from gasoline in this garage.